THE WOUNDS OF A PRESIDENT.

How Andrew Jackson Received Wounds imilar to those of President Garffeld.

In his eventful life Andrew Jackson recoived wounds in personal encounters similar to those received by President Garfield. His arm was shattered in an affray with Col. Thomas H. Benton in 1813, and be was shot through the body in a duel with Charles Dickinson in 1806.

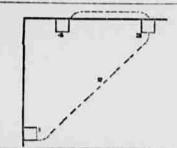
The affray with Col. Benton originated in an act of good nature on the part of Gen. Jackson. Gen. Wm. Carroll, then a young man, had been challenged by Jesse, a brother of Thomas II. Benton. Despairing of finding a suitable secand in Nashville. Carroll rode out to the Hermitage, and solicited Gen. Jackson's services. Jackson had been a Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee and a member of Congress. At first he demurred. Carroll assured him that it was no ordinary quarrel. He asserted that there was a conspiracy to run him put of the country. Jackson made inquiries, and found that to preserve his honer Carroll was forced to accept the challenge. He officiated as Carroll's second. Jesse Benton was wounded as ingloriously as Mr. Easthupp in

" Midshipman Easy," At the time of the duel Col. Thomas H. Benton was in Washington trying to save Jackson from bankruptcy. They were great friends, The Colonel, however, was enraged to hear that Jackson had befriended his brother's unfairenist. He wrete him, denouncing his conduct in the most offensive terms. The General replied that before addressing him the Colonel ought to have written him for an explanation, and not have listened to the tales of interested parties. Bonton wrote still more angrily, accusing Jackson of conducting the dust in a "savage, unsqual, unfair, and base monner." On his way back to Nashville he publish and repeatedly denounced the General, using the bitterest lanrunge. Jackson heard of it, and was much insensed. Benton's mother had been good to him when he was a boy in North Carolina. His gratitude had already prevented a rencontre between the two bothends. This time, nowever, he took fire. He swore by the Eternal that he would horsewhip Tom Benton the first time that he methim, Ali Nashville witnesse ithe yow.

Benton reached the city bursting with wrath and defiance. Hearing of Jackson's threat, he resolved to preserve the peace. He would neither seek nor fly the threatened attack. His brother Jesse joined him before he reached Nashville, Instead of going to the Nashville Inn, their usual resort, they registered at the City Hotel. Jackson always put up at the Nashville House. By stopping at the City Hotel, Col. Benton fancied that he would avoid the General, unless he chose to go out of his way to seek him. He arrived in Nashville on Sept. 3 1813. Jackson and his friend, Col. Coffee, rode into town that same afternoon, and put up at the Nashville Inn, Col, Colles smilingly remarked that they had come to get their letters. About 9 o'clock on the next morning the Colone proposed to Gen, Jackson that they should over to the Post Office. Marted. The General had a riding with his hand. He also work a same sword. The Post Office was situated on the public square, on the corner of a little alley i beyond the City Hotel. There were two war of getting to it from the Nashvilla Inn. Our way was nerces the angle of the square, and the other was to keep the slifewalk and go around C ffee and Jackson took the short cut, Whe about midway between their inn and the P-s Office Coffee observed Cor. Bunton standing to the doorway of the City Hotel. He was draw. up to his full height, and was looking dagger. at them. "Do you see that fellow?" said Coffee to Jackson.

"Oh, yes," the General replied, without turning his head; "I have my eye on him," They went to the Post Office and got their letters. On their return they kept down the side walk. Col. Benton had posted himself at the front door of the City Hotel. His brother Jesse

stood near him. The following diagram will explain the situation:



1 The Nashville Inn from which Col Coffee and the Jackson went to the Post Office. The dotted line reprepents their e-urse.

2. The sput where Coffee stood when he first recognized to the pro-2. The Post office.

4. The City Botel, where the affray occurred.

had been dropped in the struggle, and remained on the floor of the hotel. Col. Benton broke it in the public square, accompanying the act with words defiant and contemptuous, uttered in the oudest tones of his thundering voice. The General's friends, grouped around the couch of their bleeding chief, disregarded these demonstrations, and the victorious and exulting brothers retired. Col. Benton, however, quickly found it very hot for him. Two weeks afterward

he wrote: I am literally in heil here. I have the meanest wretches moder Heaven to contend with-lars, affitavit makers, and shameless sowards. All Jackson's pinnings are All and an angle of the state of the sta raite in hell here. I have the meanest wretches middle of held I can see no alternative but to kill or lited. I will not crough to Jackson. The fact that I and my brother defeated him and his tribe and broke his and my brather defeated him and his tribe and broke his small sword in the public square will forever rankle in his known, and make him thirst after vengeance. My life is in danger. Nothing but a sweater doel can save me ere exigte one a chicketor for my own existence. It is a set, it sain to turn our puppy after puppy to builty me, and when I have got into a scrape to have me killed apprehence in the security. Afterward the adulavit makers we have it was noncroped done. was prove it was apporator done.

Benton did not again meet Jackson until 1823. when both were members of the United States Sanate. A reconciliation was effected, and ever afterward they were the warmest friends.

But Jackson's most severe wound, and the one that finally caused his death, was received in his duel with Charles Dickinson in 1806. This fatal fight grew out of a projected horse race. Gen. Jackson was the owner of Truxton. a renowned race horse, named after Commodore Truxton, who six years before had captured the French frightes L'Insurgente and La Vangeance. This horse was matched against Capt, Joseph Ervin's Plowboy for the autumn Nashvilleraces of 1805. The stakes were \$2,000. payable in notes, which, it was understood, were to become due on the day of the race; forfair \$800. A schedule of the notes was made. Truxton was backed by Gen. Jackson, Major W. P. Anderson, Major Verrell, and Capt. Pryor, and Plowboy by Capt. Ervin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson. Before the day appointed Piowboy was withdrawn, Ervin and Dickinson paying forfeit. In paying the forfeit Capt. Ervin offered Gen. Jackson some notes that were not due. The General declined to receive them. He said that Major Verrell and Capt. Pryor were about to leave the country, and they wanted notes that could be turned into cash without discount. Capt, Ervin said that they were the scheduled notes. When asked for the schedule he put his hands in his pockets, and said that he had lost it. He added that Mr. Dickinson had a memorandum of the hedule, and sent for him. Dickinson proluced the memorandum. Jackson insisted int the school dule notes were to become due on to day of the race, and Dickinson and Ervin were confident that they were effering only notes that were on the schedule. Finally Er viu executed his own note on the house of King & Carson for one frawn by Robert Thompson, which was not due, and the matter was antisfactorily arranged. Soon afterward Gen. Jackson heard that

Charles Dickinson had spoken disparagingly of his wife. Dickins in was a lawyer, well connected, possessed considerable property, and had a large circle of friends. He was rather wild, and he had the reputation of being the sest shot in Tennessee. Jackson took him to task for his language, and Dickinson apologized, saying that if he had used such language it must have been while he was drunk. They separated in a friendly manner. A second time Jackson heard that Dickinson had uttered ffensive words respecting Mrs. Jackson in a Nashville hetel. The General visited Capt. Ervin, and urged him to restrain his son-in-law, I want no quarrel with him," he said, "but even in his cups he ought to comport himself like a gentleman. My enemies in Nashville are urging him to pick a quarrel with me. Advise him to stop in time." Dickinson grew more cautions, but did not wholly restrain his tongue. Enmity grew between the two men.

In December, 1805, Patten Anderson, a warm friend of Gen. Jackson, while conversing in a store in Nashville, said that the notes offered in settlement of the forfeit on the horse race were different from those which Gen. Jackson agreed heard Anderson's statement, Swann confirmed it. A day or two afterward Swann met Gen. Jackson, and questioned him about the notes. Swann told Dickinson that Jackson said that the notes offered by Dickinson were schedule notes, but that some of those offered by Ervin were not. On Dec. 28 Ervin and Dickinson called on Gen. Jackson in Nashville. The General denied that he cast any stigma on Capt.

son as an assassin. The General's small sword | Swann had any friend known to be a gentleman, who would step forward in his behalf, he pledged himself to meet that friend on gentlemanly ground, McNairy replied that he thought he could produce certificates endersing Mr. Swann as a gentleman. Thereupon Gen. Jackson referred him to Col. Coffee, and withdrew. In reporting what followed the Colonel said that McNairy observed that his own knowledge would not justify his supporting Mr. Swann as a gentleman. He urged that a court of honor should be called. He acknowledged that Swann had been mistaken in the original cause of complaint, and said that the caning was now the only thing that stood in the way of a receneiliation. Coffee assured McNairy that Gen. Jackson's proposition was the only one that coming to an agreement.

Within two days Jackson heard a report that refused to treat Mr. Swann as a gentleman, he (McNairy) had observed that he (McNairy) was a gentleman, and that as such he would meet him on behalf of his friend. Jackson promptly returned to Nashville and called upon McNairy. who denied the statement in toto. He called for its author, and Jackson sent for Major Robert Purdy. That gentleman asserted positively that McNairy had made such a statement to him. McNairy insisted that the Major must have misconstrued his meaning. The Major replied that the words were plain and con strued themselves. McNairy observed that he never intended to have said such a thing, nor did he wish such an idea to go forth. "In the future," Jackson replied, "let there be no misunderstanding. I now pledge you my word and my honor, if any gentleman on a standing with myself will come forward as the friend of Mr. Swann, I will at all times meet him on gentle-

manly ground. Thus balked, Swann rushed into print. He filled a page of the Nashville Review and Reposifory with his complaint. He quoted his letter to Jackson and Jackson's reply. Nor did he forget to use Dickinson's missive. He challenged Jackson to prove that he was not a gentleman. Jackson's reply was published within a fortnight. It was even longer than the complaint, It included five affidavits from men who swore that Swann was no gentleman. It further said that Swann " has acted the puppet and lying variet for a worthiess, drunkes, blackguard scoundrel." This reference to Dickinson followed a sarcastic stricture on McNairy, who made a bitter reply in the Nashville Reciete. A contemptuous aliusion to Col. Coffee drew a challenge from that gentleman. They fought on March 1, 1806. Major Purdy officiated for Col. Coffee, and Mr. George Bell for Mr. McNairy. The code required the seconds to shoot any principal who should fire before the word. Bell thought this very disagreeable. He said that the disgrace attending such a shot would be worse than death. The Major concurred with him, and they agreed to disregard the code. The men were placed, and McNairy shot approached him with pistol cocked, and said that he would shoot him like a dog were it not for the agreement with Mr. Bell. McNutry excased himself by saying that it was an aucident, D-n you," shouted to fice, who was lving on the ground thirty feet away, "this is the second time you have been guilty of the same crime." Codes was shot through the thigh, and quickly recovered. This duel led to another almost interminable newspaper dispute.

Meantime Swann replied to Jackson at extraordinary length. He printed a score of certificates and affidavits to prove that he was a gentleman and Jackson a coward. Edmund Randelph and Edward Carrington of Virginia were among those who certified that Swann was a gentleman.

Before this reply was printed Charles Dickinson returned to Nashville. On his way to New Orleans and back he had spent every leisure moment in practising with a pistol. On the 21st of May, only a day after his return. he sent to the Review a scurrilous attack on the General. The editor showed the letter to Gen. Thomas Overton, who informed Gen. Jackson, Jackson rode over to the office and read a proof sheet. Here is an extract:

In alluding to Thomas Swann he says "he has acted the pumpet and lying variet for a worthless, drunken, blackguard secundar!" should anirew Jackson have intended these epithels for me, I declare him a worthless to receive. Dickinson heard of this through one who was present. His informant referred him to Thomas Swann, a Virginian, who had whom to the had injured. This has prevented me from

familiar with the practice of duelling. He had reflected deeply on the conditions of the coming combat, with a view of saving his friend from Dickinson's unerring bullet. They rode spart from the rest of the company, and discussed all the chances and probabilities. It was an affair In which each man was to strive with his utmost skill to disable his antagonist and save his own life. At the word each was to fire as soon as he pleased. There was a chance that by extreme quickness of movement one man could bring down the other without himself recelving a shot. Jackson and Overton were at first undecided as to whether they should try to get the first shot, or permit Diskinson to have it. Overton thought that, as Dickinson, like all miraculous shots, required no time to take aim. Swann would get. They separated without he would have a far better chance than Jackson in a quick shot, even if both fired at once. Jackson was certain that he would be hit and he McNairy had said that when Gen. Jackson had | was unwilling to subject his own aim to the chance of its being totally destroyed by the shock of a wound. Finally, however, he agreed with Overton that it would be better to receive Dickinson's fire and take his chances afterward.

At sundown they stopped at David Miller's tavern on the banks of the Red River, near the ground chosen for the duel, and asked for ac commodations for the night. It was promised. The party of eight dismounted and turned their horses over to the attendant negroes. They were hardly in the tavern before the Dickinson cavalcade rode up and sought lodgings. Miller replied that his house was full, but if they chose to remain he would do the best he could for them. Dickinson asked how far it was to the next tavern, and was directed to a house two miles down the river kept by William Harrison. He and his friends passed the night at Harrison's.

Jackson ate a hearty supper and smoked an old clay pipe. He conversed pleasantly and went to bed early. Before breakfast on the next morning the whole party rode down the road that wound along the banks of the stream. mile below they expected to meet a ferryman. but as none appeared Jackson spurred his horse into the stream and dashed across, followed by his party. They rode into a poplar forest, and stopped near the centre of a level river bottom, about 200 yards from the road, Dickinson and his ratings were already there. They tied their horses, and Jackson turned and approached the opposite party. One of his Dickinson's second won the choice of post-

friends asked him how he felt. " Oh, all right," he replied. " I shall wing him, never fear." tion and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The eight paces were measured off and the men were placed. Both were perfectly collected, Strict duelling etiquette was preserved. Jackson wore a loose frock coat, buttoned carolessly over his chest, and concealing, in some degree. the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickin son was the younger and handsomer man of the two. He was 25 and Jackson 30 years old. The General's tail, erect figure and grave demeanor Coffee down before the word was given. Purdy | gave him a commanding air as be stood in the shade of the poplars in the bright May mora.

" Are you ready?" Overton inquired. "I am ready," Dickinson replied, and Jack-

Quick as thought Overton shouted, with his decountry ascent. "Fere!"

Dickinson as quickly raised his pistol and fixed. Overton saw a puff of dust fly rom the breast of the General's cont. Jackson rassal his left arm and placed it tightly across his chest. " He is surely hit," muttered his second. "and in a had place, too; but no, he does not fall," Jackson, erect and grim, with teeth set firm, raised his pistol. Overton glauced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful face and flaure before him, the lawyer had unconsciously recoiled a page or two. "Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?" "Back to the mark, sir," roured Overton, with

his hand upon his pistel. Dickinson recovered his composure and toed the scratch. He averted his eyes from his antagonist. Jarkson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off It stopped at half cock. Jackson draw the lock back to its place, took aim a bianched. He residd. His friends caught him in their arms and gently seated him on the ground against a bush. Histrousers relieved. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his sile in a torrent. The hall had masted through the body below the rite, and lodged instander the skin above the opposite sking be had injured. This has prevented me from calling on him in the manner I should otherwise have done, for I say well convinced that he is fee great a coward t administer any of those another promised me in his letter to Mr. Swann. His excuse I anticipate, that his anotypes have been in such demand since I sail Temesace that he is out of the necessary ingrelients to mix them.

On the instant Jackson challenged Dickinson.

He did not wait for the publication of the letter, and the day closed Dickinson accepted. Gen. Overton was Jackson's second, and Dr. Hanson. Overton was Jackson's second, and Dr. Hanson.

Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson are provided to the carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson are provided to the carlet was the friend of Dickinson. It had been Carlet was the friend of Dickinson are provided to the carlet was the friend of Dickinson are provided to the carlet was the first was the friend of Dickinson are provided to the carlet was the first was the f

And the second process. The second control was been desired by the control of the

FAIR VISIONS OF PORTS

Mother's Huckleberry Ples. How oft goes memory back to childhood, When picking berries on the hill, With past in hand I'd strip the bushes Along with little brother Will. What cared we for the heats of summer, With broad straw hats tipped o'er our eyes For, with those very buckleberries Our mother made those famous piest I see her now, dear cherished mother.

ith apren on as white as snow, Her plump arms bare up to the eibow, And on her cheeks a rosy glow; I seem to see her roll the pic crust, And fill the plates of largest size; For well she knew how hungry children Enjoyed her huckleberry pies. And father, he'd come in from haying,

And stand by mother very near, And say: "Now, wife, in all the township None make such pies as you de, dear, Except, perhaps, my dear old mother; Why, at the Pair, you'd take the prize, Come, children, now we'll all to dinner. And have a feast of mother's pleas Those dinners now I well remember.

Within the kitchen large and cool; Those summer days of our vacation, When we were free of books and school. Ah! can it be of years full thirty? And yet it must be; how time dies! Since we sat in that farmhouse kitchen And ate, in childhood, mother's pies.

Within our modest home is sitting An aged lady, saintly fair; While at her side my lad and lassio Are looking up with earnest air "Grandma," they say, "we picked these berries, "We meant it for a great surprise." nd Grandma smiles and says,
"I'm not too old to make good pies."

MAUD MILLER. And Grandma similes and says, "My darlings,

Lend Us Bigber. Oh, singer of sweet spogs, the chords of sadness You strike too often. Failure, grief, and wrong, And sad distrust, and love's despair and madness,

True, life is full of care, and salleyed sorrow To every lip its bitter cup will bring; E il delles to day and mocks to-morrow, And love is suffering. But joy sings sometimes, husbing sorrow's walling,

Burden your every song.

And exil bides its head and justice relans; And love divine, unselfish and unfailing, True to the end remains. Above the valley's vapors shipes the beauty Of mountain heights serenc, and glad, and sweet; And there remains the blessedness of duty,

Though love dies at our feet. Remembering this, and by true service lifted Above each small regret that daily bars Your path-rour sones, oh sincer, greatly gifted, Shall lead us to the stars! CARLO TA PERRY.

The Wayside Well.

He stanged at the wave be well, where the water was conjund deep; The every hathery brits levit the mossy stones, And may was the shi well-weep,

II. Let his carriage alone; No. of all concentrate or footnome tell. Why the electric letter should be the analy read. To drive a first we specify well. He awas of with his allowed hands. The well-sample has been a few at the last the White Fig. and the sample has been with the water hands.

He intelligibe the supp.

And bend is winted by lightly "winted

Not bend in winted by lightly bendered

The take that is likely by a think He wise bills, farmer a bow Asine stores of or the brint to drink, And theirs and to brink was the brink, And their missive the brink,

The even were smoot and clear, r the brim of the oil straw hat

He turned heav With a sight.
Not could be with the transmitted.
Why live more stopped in header that day.
To drink at the Wayside Weil. Walter Leanner.

In Pace.

From Stope by the Combiting Low, Clab.
When you are dead some day, my dear,
Quite dead, and under ground,
Whate via will never see or hear
A sommer sight or s und;
What shall become of you in death,
When all our sings to you
Are silent as the bird whose breath.
Has sing the summer through?

I wonder, will you ever waxe, And with tired eyes again Live for your old life's little sake An age of ley or pain? Shall wome stern destiny control That perfect form, wherein I hardly we chough of soil! To make your life a sin?

For we have heard, for all things born And fire to burn the large;
But a how is it gather into sheaves,
for turn aside in hame.
The paper succeed districts leaves,
Blown tells of scarlet flame?

No hate so hard, no have so built.
To seek y for bless or wear.
Y ou are the sweet for held to hold,
All he will would like you set.
A little while your joy shall be.
All when while reave for reat.
The earth shall lake you niterily
Again blick her break.

And we will find a quiet pince
For your this expectation
And are the distance area your face,
Neverthan and kinese word
And with answer words of mirth,
And with answer words of mirth,
Softwarf engineers, over one with
A mire and words words of mirth,
A mire and a second and a second area.

Fave fears, but once, our eyes shall shed, Nor while we said of all, But some and he is produced four hed there she warm simplicate fail. Union that warm to tree or trails States the state of the state o

A Consummate fayl.

From the Burling on Hundred The string that the time dog tethind loose,
The first cause the Williams.
The consiste course this goese,
Illiams of a was goine.
Switt for the picket fence he sped,
As williams chain the purpo.
Two inclusives when the dog he ledHe increasing again.

Bright even were passing on the street, Software canalized in Gree. And onervy should from happy hearts to a children was to see. He was not included exacts to see. He was not included exacts to climb, With various markly strain;
Some was the need, a can't was his time—He never smiled again.

White eres, like relies in the energy, the every heart a very he be a rely. It is every heart a very he be a rely. White eres is a capture of the every like and the beauties with the every all the every all the every heart and the every such a second revides. He never such a again.

Around turn whireled the ridly throng, With happy, ancres that.
A bound in the three times. It also have the first turn to the forest in the forest in the forest in the forest in the first turn to any the first were whereas the fining.
But that dig chowed him all informable never smiled again.

Coney Island.

Grapious goodness: Can it be t Here a flee same out saily sen. Here's the strein of sanily dry land, Here's the their simel that sarings. Fram claus and ther same things.— Here, in short is Coney Island. Yes, I know it is the spot— Know it, whice I know it not, For save about the not to see All things have undergoise said a life something rare and strange, If really has me with smooth

For six or seven years ago, I used to basin those saids, you know, Especially on blessaut Sundays; Plebrian from the crowd an doubt, But not a conteared I about. The sentrated of Are. Grandys. The island's sands were then unknown. To what ne call the highes tone

To what we call the higher time, Timugh ind to direct salesmen, toney, And, it ms mean my rightly bells. There were included in many swells. As now upon the beach of timey. The bux in German maid was there, And Jac & Semi from Chatham square, In sea to betaming the flowers, And theby visiting they re sull alree) Where theyers to easily rould only thrive In that one between called the Bowery;

And thruly matrons, who had thought To save their dimes, so discore brought in backets each with gaterias ratios. The wint he leader the challenges who. Will clause they then wint then were free the correspondences or an execution.

The galling the se days I often ran-Action of the content of the street,

When the third and street,

Established the content to be street,

Little and the treet,

Little and the treet, Although they bound out where the knave wast Note advisored didg to this.
No discontinuous many registred awalls.
Note are associated the property of the party of the

VANOVILL BROKEN

The cold was the director, to make the cold with the cold

SOME NEW BOOKS.

A New Esthetle Poet.

Every one who has been a reader of Punch during the last few years has been interested in the so-called society pictures of the artist Dumaurier. Their chief purpose has been to ridicule a tendency to certain gross affectations in manners, in art, and in postry. The principal figures in these sketches have been Postlethwaite, the artist, and Maudle, the poet, with their coteries of worshipping women. dressed in an extreme style, assuming the most grotesque attitudes and talking the most arrant nonsense. Many people, on this side the water at least, seriously doubted whether such fools ever were. It was thought that they must be the emanations of Dumaurior's brain, just as the preposterous antics of Lord Dundreary were the creations of Mr. Sothern's wild fancy. But there were others who maintained that these drawling idiots really existed-not only existed, but formed a conspicuous element in London society; that they were not the working out of suggestions drawn from the extravagant elevernesses of Whistier and Burne-Jones, but were actualities; that Dumaurier was too faithful a limner of the manners of the time to set up mere figments of his own imagination and to travesty them for month after month.

Meantime Maudie and Postlethwaite became everywhere familiar figures standing for the art or in nature, in woman's form or in the hig. extremes of affectation in every form. The dramatist took up the subject, and they appeared in the play of "Where's the Cat?" Gilbert and Sullivan thought there was vitality enough in the idea to make it the foundation of a comic opera, and their " Patience," recently brought | in the world which is better than gold and betout in London, was the result. Finally it came to be understood that the original Maudle so unmereifully carleatured was a young Irish poet named Oscar Wilde, who did not fear to make himself either conspicuous or ridiculous; who dressed extravagantly and carried lilies in the street, on which, flinging back his long hair, he gazed in ecstasy of contemplation; whose father was a physician of sufficient eminence to have been knighted for his ability, and whose mother. Lady Wilde, festered her son's poetic tendencles, and herself, over the signature of "Spreranga," awept the strings of the Irish harp.

At last the young man's poems have had the

nonor of a simultaneous publication in England and in this country (Reberts Brothers) Dumaurier and Gilbert and Sullivan have advertised him so conspicuously that he starts with his fame already made, and the question that the public will naturally be anxious about is whether this rendy-made fame fits him-whether such a preposterous ass his poetry. Every one may determine this for himself by seeing the travesty and the real work in juxtaposition. For the purpeses of comparison we first produce one of Punch's latest burlesques upon Mr. Wilde. It is called "A Mandle-in Ballad," and is addressed "to his lily," and is accompanied by a sketch of the trophises as follows:

Mr. lank, time hir, my long, lithe lity,
the hose high layer, trache and blin,
hits data raves darming and finer fine chilly,
that data raves darming and finer fine chilly.
That since the time are in higher data grily?
A shed rather as a point and a sain!
Lattrope and beper white, spendid and sclay!
Are then not there rain wholly akin
To my own wan sold and my own wan chin,
And my own wan uses tap, tiled to sway
The peacets senther, aweeler than win.
That I bought for a haligening yesterday?

My long hibs hily ory insport hily.

We had him hily over more than I wind was there by a plant had Siver hily.

How says a sing to have I siver hily.

What shall I weare for this whilly in the limit I spin—
Broke, or this was no straight with that I weare for this will be a limit I spin—
Broke, or this was no straight in the limit in
Hily though his between his we not him time tim
Hily though the straight in the wester him a ling
Franch we wind hird whitele swelter him sin.
That I bought for a ballpenny pessentar!

My languid lity, my lank limpilly.

My languid lity, my lank limpilly.

My long lithe lity-lave, non may grin—
Say that lin sort and supremely saly—
What care I, while you winsper—lity:

What care I, while you winsper—lity:

White you smile, while you winsper—lits sweet
to decay!

I have wakered with calerddine, tears of chagrin,
The churchyard mend I have planted thee in,

Upside down, in an intense way,
In a rough see the verpet, sweeter than sin,
That I bought for a hallpenny yesterday!

So much for the burlesque. It has a certain remote flavor of truth, for Mr. Wilde has a good deal to say, first and last, about lilles, and a good deal more about the "sweetness of sin." But poets have forever talked about sin and It is one of their functions, apparently, To be as fair as possible to the caricaturist, we select the posm that seems to us to furnish as much of pretext or excuse for the satire as any:

A CHICK

Two crowned Kings and one that steed alone With no green weight of Burels round his head, But with saderers as one uncomforted.
And wearied with man's newer-examin moan For sine no bleating victim can attent.
And sweating illips with turn and kines fod. Girt was he in a garment block and red.
And at this feet I merked a broken stone. Which sent up likes, so we like, to his knees. Now at their sight, but heart being it with dame, I cried to Beatrice. Who are these?
And whe made answer, knewing well each mane, Aschwing first, the weight supposition.
And last wide streach of tears? Europides.

Except the reference to "sweet long lips" and dove-like lilies, there is nothing even in this poem to occasion special ridicule; and yet it is

as absurd as any in the volume. That Mr. Wilde can, however, write with elegance and lucidity, and with perfect freedom from all extravagance, the following short poam, entitled "Silentium Amoris," bears am-

ple witness: As oftentimes the too resplendent win Hurch while paind and reinclaid moon Back to her sembre cave, one site half won a single billed rough the high thorate. So doth thy beauty make my hips to fail, and all my awestest singing our of tune.

And as at dawn across the level mead On while a in permits some wind will come.
And with its two has a kines break the rec!
Which was its only instituted it says.
And for excess of Love in v Love is dumb.

But surely unto Thee mine even del show Way I am shows and may have uncertaine. The average letter we show I next and go that the major of some er we had a And I have a have been message. Or unknowed known and some never sung.

Here we have exumetery of thought and of expression, a charming freedem of style, and graceful flow of verse. Throughout the book it is easier to find examples of this form of composition than of the other. Such extravagance as there is may be found rather in the titles of the poems than in the poems themselves. For these he has resorted somewhat unnecessarily to foreign tongues, and we have a polygiot index of English, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and Spanish. Three or four are grouped together under the title of "Impressions du Théâtre," Then also he has "Impressions du Matin," "Impression du Voyage," and in two other cases simply Impressions." "E tenebris," "Quia Multum Amavi."" Theoretikos."" La Fuite de la Lune." are some of his other titles. He has also sonnets, villanelles, and chansons. But surely in this matter of titles, if anywhere, great freedom of choice is allowable.

One of Mr. Wilde's more striking characteristies is his sympathy with nature in all her moods. He is nature's sulogist and has the ability to make pastoral pictures that are gems of art. What, for example, lilies apart, can be more felicitous than this flower-picture from one of his longer poems entitled "The Garden of Eros:"

There are the flowers which mourning Horakies
Strewed on the tumb of Hylas, committies.
Its white days all a disture where the brocks
Kissed them too horakity the small celembra.
That yellow airtical charieter of eve.
And the lay's sineys, but let them bloom alone, and
leave

You spired hely track rederocketed.
To sway its about chimns, also must the bee.
Its brite bell stuner, gasees instead.
So he other personner, the anchione
That many at daylored, the a silv girl
Before her love, and hardly lets the batterflies unfurl. Figure annied wings bearing in hid if pane
in the view state, the whiter state from
White it is left than it can be stated from
White it is left than it can be seen that of the coWhite free which had convent it realized to
A down a total amortion of work which is seen as one.
Figure 2 by the panelor which that is also be seen as one. The trumsper months of red come to a sweet which the management of the state of the Fairer than what Queen Venus tred upon Beheath the pines of his such and That menting star when developed the sine, and building upon Jerson which but to sine.

Would sweeten Cytherea's hips and make Adonts jealous—these for thy head—and for thy code

Your curving spray of Clematis, Whose gergeous dye outflames the Tyrian King, Whose gorgoous dee outflames the Terian Ring.
And forgeoves with their needing chalices.
But that our Narciss which the started spring
Letrous her kirtle fall which first she heard.
In her come woods the wild tempestions song of sucmer's bird.

Ah! leave it for a subile memor

Of those sweat treminess days of rain and sun When Abril laughed between her tears to see The early principles with they loanseep rain. From the graried oak tree routs till all the world. Spate of its from and trampied leaves, gray beach with style stimmering good. There are very many such passages as these

and of equal beauty. Such a writer would nat-urally be found to be in sympathy with Keats and with Shelley, and this sympathy his poems discloses. Among his frequent tributes to their genius the following shows at once the warmth of his admiration and his poetic skill in giving it expression:

Yet tarry! for the boy who inved thee best,
Whose very name should be a memory
To make thee linger, sheap an ellent rest.
Beneath the Roman walls, and melaly
Still mourns her awested lyre; more can play
The lute of Adenais, with his lips Seng passed away.

Nay, when Keets died she Mines still had left One silver voice to sing his thresody. But any the moon of it we were below. When on that riven might and stormy sen Pantical claimed her singer as her own, And slew the mouth that praised her walk alone.

Like a true post, Mr. Wilde is not didactia He apparently has no lesson to impart other than the old Greek one, that beauty, whether in is paramount to all materialism; that a network of railroads and all the devices of civilization do not necessarily help men on to true happiness; that God's flowers are more to be prized than man's factories; that there is that ter than

With barren merchandise piles up the gate.
Where nobjer thoughts and deeds should enter by.

This devotion to the beautiful Mr. Dumanrise admirably satirizes in a sketch of a lady with whom Maudle is conversing in his usual writhing attitude, and with the usual vacuous expression behind his eyeglasses. This is the accompanying dialogue: Mandle-How consummately levely your son is Mrs.

Briwin.

Mrs R.—What! He's a nice manly boy if youness that, Mr. Mandle. He has just left school, you know, and wishes to be an artist.

Mandle—Why should be be an artist!

Mrs. R.—Weil, he must be something!

Mandle—Why should be Be anything! Why not left him remain forever content to Exist Peganting? This theme of the beautiful is not a new one,

nor has Mr. Wilde found any new method of giving it expression. His forms of versification, his modes of thought, his general treatment of his subjects, are precisely such as he has found in the models that he has studied. He is as Maudie could possibly exist, and fortunate to have saught with such nicety the whether such stuff as has been attributed rhythm and cadence of greater men, such to him in Punch can really find any parallel in as Keats. Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson, and Morris. He is even more fortunate in that he is endued, even if in a lesser degree, with the same spirit that has animated them, and that he is able to see truth through the same poetic lens which transforms the commonpines into the lovely. Neither is he a timid, or even at all Lost with conterted form, leaning in admira- | times a discreet, writer. While he has some of ion over a lily in a flowernot, which he apos- the case and the flow of Morris, he has also the passion of Swinburne; and many of his verses are so intense in expression that their truth to pature ceases to be an excuse for their existence. They will not bear reproduction even for the purposes of criticism, and the time will doubtless come, after the fires of youth are somewhat cooled in the young man's veins, when he will wish that discretion had tempered his ardor. It is scarcely the province of the poet to illustrate the physiology of the passions. It is unfertunate that one of the longest and finest of his poems-that entitled Coarmides "-is marred by blemishes of this character. Others, however, are entirely free from them, and from one of these, in which he makes reference to those who have fallen is England's recent wars in many far-off lands we quote these lines:

Bet in this stormy northern sea, Queen of these restless fields of tide, England: What shall men say of thee Before whose feet the worlds divide?

For southern wind and east wind meet Where girt and crowned by sword and fire, Emriand with bare and bloody feet Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan heirht, Gray pillar o' the Indian sky, Where saw at thou last in clauding fight Our winged dags of victory ? The almond groves of Samarcand, Bokuara, where red filler blow. And Oxus, by whose yealow sand. The grave white turbanes merchants go:

And on from thence to Ispahan, The glided garden of the sun, Whence the long dusty caravan Brings cedar and vermittion.

Here have our wild war caples flown, And flapped wide wines in flery fight; But the said down, that sits alone In England—she hash no delight. In vain the laughing girl will lean To greet her leve with leve lit eves

lown in some treacherous black ravin Clutching his flag, the dead boy nea And many a moon and sun will see. The irragiring wietful children walt o climb upon their father's knee; And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord Will kiss the relies of the state— Some tarnished equilette—some gword— Pose two to southe such auguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields.
Are these, our brothers, labele rest,
Where we hight deep their broken shield.
With all the downers the deat love best. For some are by the Delhi walls, And many in the Arghan and. And many where the terrors rails Through seven mouths of chirting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie. And others in the was which are The pertain to the mast or by The wind-awept beignts of Trafaigar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep t O silence of the surfless day! And then whose wounds are never healed, Whose weary race is never won,

O Cremwell's Rigiant! laust their yield For every inch of ground a sout Go! crown with thorns that gold-crownel head Chance the glad song to song of pain.

Out and will mave have get thy dead.

And will not yield them tack again.

Wave, and wild wind, and foreign chore Process the flower of Emplish land, Live that fir has shall also no more, Hamis that shall also no more,

Where are the brave, the atomy, the Boul' Where is our Eighth chivairs? Wild grasses are their turnal sheet, And sobbing waves their threbody.

O lovest smee lying far away.
What work of love san dead lips seni?
O wasted dost! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? is this the end? Peace, peace! we wrong the noble lea! To ver their selemi sumber set. Though children and with their covered head, Up the steep road must England go.

Yet when this flory web is spin.

Her watchman shall desary from far
The young republic like a son
Rise from those criming spas of way.

One would suppose that there must be in this world a great scarcity of subjects of ridicule when a man who writes such vigorous verse as this is chosen as a special chieft of satire. There must be semuthing about Mr. Wilde himself as distinct from his poetry that has invited this systematic lampooning. Many a man is wise upon paret who is an ass in proposed personal, and Mr. Wilds may belong to that class. Here, however, we have only to do with him as a post and laying down his book, we do it with the couries tion that he has gifts of a rare and genuing quality. It is said that the waxed danded of the Coldstream Guards in time of battle, and with sword in hand, were transformed into terrible fighters. So Mr. Wilde may dawdle about London drawing rooms, sily to hand, the centre of admiration of his little cotorie of natheles. but pen in hand he is a man to be respected and even admired.

A Whiriwind of Fire. From the American High-Mr. Z. T. Buis ten gives us the following story